FOLDER 3
Fifteen Poets (with translations from the Greek and Italian)
Three Short Stories
A Critical Piece on Some New American Painters by Frank O'Hara
An Original Serigraph by Gandy Brodie
$1.00

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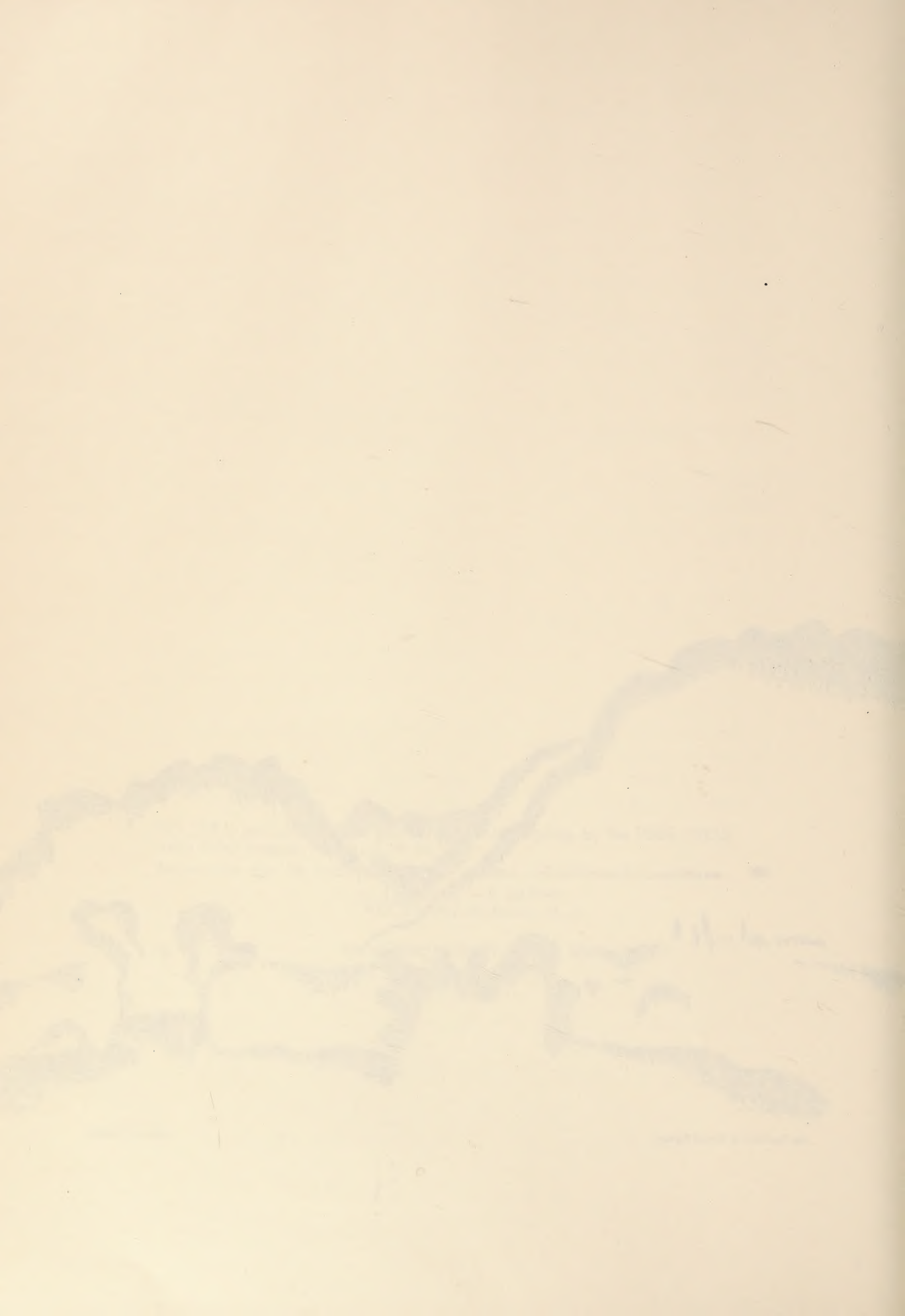
The Foothills of Mount Parnon

Michael LeKakis



George Seferis

In The Manner of G.S.

Wherever I may travel, Greece wounds me still.

On Mt. Pelion amid the chestnut trees the shirt of the Centaur
would slide among leaves to wrap itself about my body
as I ascended the slope and the sea would follow me
ascending also like the mercury in a thermometer
until we might come upon mountain waters.
In Santorin as I touched islands that were sinking
and heard a flute play somewhere on the pumice-stone
an arrow suddenly flung
from the far limits of youth now set like the sun
nailed my hand to the gunwale.
At Mycenae I lifted the huge stones and the treasuries of the Atrides
and lay down to sleep beside them at the inn of "The Beautiful Helen
of Menelaus";
they vanished only at dawn when Cassandra shrieked
with a cock hung on her black throat.

At Spezzia at Poros and at Mykonos
the barcaroles nauseated me.
What do they want all those who say
they may be found in Athens or the Piraeus?
One comes from Salamis and asks another whether he "hails from Concord Square."
"No, I hail from Constitution Square," replies the other, self-satisfied,
"ran into Johnny and he stood me an ice cream."
In the meantime Greece voyages on
we don't know anything we don't know that we are all mariners out of a job
we don't know the bitterness of the harbor when all the ships have gone;
we mock those who feel it.

Strange people who declare themselves to be in Attica and yet are nowhere;
they buy sugared almonds to marry with
hold "hair-lotions," get photographed
the man I saw today sitting before a backdrop of doves and flowers
suffered the hand of the photographer to smooth out the wrinkles
left on his face
by all the winged fowl of heaven.

In the meantime Greece voyages on and keeps on voyaging
and if "we see the Aegean flowering with corpses"
they are those who wanted to catch the great liner by swimming
those who wearied of waiting for ships which cannot set sail
the ELSIE the SAMOTHRACE the AMBRAKIKOS.
And now as night falls the ships whistle in the Pireaus
they whistle and steadily whistle but not a single capstan stirs
not a single wet chain glistens in the last declining light
the captain remains enmarbled in his white and gold.

Wherever I may travel, Greece wounds me still,
screen of mountains archipelagoes bald granite.
The ship that voyages is named AG ONY 937.

—On the steamer *Aylis*, waiting to sail, Summer.

Nanos Valaoritis

The Season of Lovers

When the halls are vibrating still
When the speaker is silent at last
And his face sweelty shines like a star
Among the other objects of darkness
When all crimes are hushed up together
And window-shades are slowly and thoughtfully lowered
And mountains in the distance grow dark and faces about the table
Sink away and only voices come
And no one dares to rise up any longer
Either to go and sit by the river or warm himself by the fire
And the sad gentry wait around the empty room
And do not eat and do not speak
Then shall the dead and the murderers resemble each other
No matter how much light is thrown no matter how many photographs are compared
Either in their beds or hiding among reeds
No matter how many of the innocent are apprehended at dawn
Hoping the vessel will pass by
That the old cannons may one day awaken on the piers
And the rusty voice roll out over the sea.

There are those dead who stay and whisper like the cypresses
And others who pretend to be rivers and cities
There are some dead near our house who are not dead at all
Just as there are many who voyage in the spring
Some out of necessity others to see the islands
Some with masks tied on their faces
To avoid the stern gaze of the sun
And others with nothing on who voyage in the nude between the bedsheets
But in possession of the richness and pain of the soul.

And so the two faces at various stages of life
Resemble each other then if you compare the texts with the photographs
The infant the child the adolescent and the dead
(He never managed to be photographed as an adult)
But here the dates become confused and the two faces
Seem to contain one another like a box
One remains here by our river-bank and is impatient to cross over
The other on the opposite bank is dying.

No matter how much our life resembles theirs
When the river-banks recede and you cannot distinguish
Neither flesh nor spirit; or when they draw near
And again you can distinguish nothing in the fog
But shapes and shadows, no matter how much the two lives
Resemble each other and speak the same language
The same sounds the same letters, you shall never
See them together in order to compare them;
The one always shrouded, the other always as naked
As a statue in a cloud of dust.

So there are still those dead among us
And indeed devoted to our house among the apple trees.
Who would have thought that, close by the trees
That stand in a circle like a hedge against the North Wind
Close by those woods, there are those ancient dead
Who are protecting us from every blizzard?
Which of you would have plunged his hand in the ivy
And run the danger of irritating the hibernating snake
Or would ever allow sleep to glide upon his eyelids
When from the windows the shrouded faces
Lie in wait to steal in stealthily?

The wet hand of the sea that stretches out and separates us from sleep
The strange hand which strokes our dreams and determines the course of sleep
The third hand which brings within us the season of lovers
Those apples which spread out over the ground
That Autumn may pass by lightly and triumphantly
Treading on ripening bodies. The sorrow of the seacoast
When the waters grow turbid and sails grow large on the horizon.

Perhaps the ship we are watching will anchor this evening
Or it will pass unnoticed once more in the darkness
A few hundred fathoms off the coast
And not a single cigarette lit, not even
A single whisper heard on the bridge
The captain invisible; the men at cards.

Zoe Karelli

Youth in a Time of Difficulty

What shall the young men do, the beautiful ones,
with their tragic adolescence
cracked crystal of the soul,
battered flower, unripe rotten fruit,
melancholy yellow color of dawn?
The overclouded day begins
with an impassable sky, heavy, weighted
with evident storms, and treacherous.

What shall they do who have
the beautiful, the terrible eyes
of youth, clear and unpersuadable?

His closed eyelids, deeply shadowed,
sign of the lonely sin,
seemed like the wings of an enormous
night butterfly, lacking the lambent colors.

The almost savage yet Oh so sweet
frank brown brilliant gaze of the other,
like that of a wild creature, brimmed
with purity and innocence and wonder . . .
What

can the young men do, who know
so much and cannot hope
even as their life begins?

They long for sky and a clear light,
to sail upon the azure open sea
freely, they seek to believe
in their own human strength entirely.
They were promised full freedom
that the sacrifice of blood be paid.
Their task binds them the more heavily,
and the effort that grows fatiguing
prevents the blossoming of a good happiness.
Their purest desires are white pigeons
that beat about enslaved, inhumanly wounded.
What do they know that they do not speak?
What cruelty have they learned?

Not Achilles, not even Odysseus
set forth to war believing
in the handsome gods, the guardians of men.
In the marble palaestrae of flawless beauty
not even one of the ephebes,
eager for the shining secret of life,
may speak with pride, may hymn the praises
of the inflexible sage of virtuous thought.

No one awaits—
the joy of waiting has lost its glory—
for the immaculate love of the maiden, the untouched dream,
to grant the message of another life.

What shall the young men do
when the deception of violence
does not become the incomparable vision?
When, before they begin
the tyrannous trial of life, they know
the terminal closed, the adventure dubious?
When they know so much, what hope
may they have in the splendid victory of virtue?

No angel appears
to proffer them the cup of bitterness.
The young man shall raise it himself
to his own mute, bitter lips
where no word of prayer or protection
blossoms, or calls on the father
in the moment of dreaded ordeal,
of unmerciful solitude, of unbelief,
in the moment of man's terrible trial.

translated by Kimon Friar

Christopher Logue

The Necessary Greed

If I covet, I do not covet the moon;
nor gold, nor you, Son of the morning.
If that woman, beautiful out of all reason,
is good to have — so is her parting.
But here, after the fifth line I have sent
amongst you like some arrows willi-nil,
the fashion of my avarice is permanent.
Already I have your eyes, and voice maybe
stirring the fictions of my pick: I reason,
Paul is forever nothing without words
or their Corinthians. Say then I hold, this
or that up to your eye, to your voice,
(though you read like a dumb) and you divine
some parable in this, some right, some wrong,
where I meant none — or a neat myth,
when I wrote none — symbol for your anguish,
where I saw none. It does not matter.
Mince or steak ,you are the sacrifice, reading —
it is enough. I feast a beggar in his place,
who was a beggar when you read my brother.

Learlove

Fool, do not fade, for this weather
breaks my heart, as a grey feather
breaks and is lost in the tempest's breath.

Fool, if you fade out at noon
(who could have written out this play)
soon, drowned by the time of day

I shall break and be lost, wholly
like an untuned word. Fool, it is not
the weather alone; or the rot

That was Regan, the chyle of my loins
named Goneril; or the stone
of my heart that was King.

Fool, your departure, cries like Hodpace
loud in my belly for two white fish,
and my voice gives back only famine.

Fool, if you stay, I will be
your serving man, and I will give my bread
that you shield me with your song,

Fool, from the wind, that is wholly lost.

Frank O'Hara

Nature and New Painting

When one speaks of nature's role in painting, it always becomes a star one, for the very word "*nature*" has prestige in our prejudiced ears. And what does "nature" mean in relation to "painting"? It depends on the historical period. There is natural painting, called such because the talent of the painter seems to encounter no obstacles, to appear before our eyes as characteristically as his handwriting. But there are also paintings of and about nature, paintings which are permeated by the feeling of nature and which represent the perfected observation of nature's detailed structures and even selflessly proclaim principles of nature which the artist has perceived.

Cezanne perceived the structure of natural forms as well as their look and feel and this is not "extra," not apart from the esthetic value of the work. Do I think that, amassing a fortune of dirt, rocks and trees, following a Cezanne word for word, I could put together a hill which would not fall down? Well, great painting does make one feel like God. Among other things, art gives us ability, knowledge, even when it tells us what we do *not* know, what has *not* happened. Cezanne perceived the meaning of objective reality in terms of its construction as a philosopher perceives the clarity of a moral situation. Mondrian did the same thing in his early work. When, later, his perceptions began to operate on a more general site, his paintings stated these perceptions without generalizing—they remained art; he approached profundity and grandeur, for his perceptions seemed to embrace all the structures of nature. Like Cezanne, he had seen into the heart of nature. This is not to grade his achievement, but if his late work is a limit it is one of knowledge more than of style.

To think that late Mondrian is "painting about painting" is a grievous error; great art, except in Baroque periods, is seldom about art, though frequently its insights are

so compelling and so pervasive they can be applied to art as well as to their subject; often we find their moral application acceptable. Yet when Keats wrote

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—

it is a grievous error to think that he was writing about writing poetry. His insight into the structure of human sensibility (if this seems tautological, one may remark on Rilke's insight into that of animals and angels) is no more merely against the ugliness of lying than Mondrian is against paintings which do not affirm the horizontal and vertical (in his work). That is too narrow an application. From the Impressionists through the Cubists to the present, art has been involved with nature.

There is a kind of painting, too, which *looks* to be about nature but is lacking in perceptions of it. Here the painter utilizes his visual experience for subject matter, but his experience is the subject, nature is not, and therefore the structure we observe is that of his experience rather than of what he has experienced. Certain Impressionist pictures seem lightweight perhaps because they only offer us anecdotes about nature; the real subject is not nature, but portraying nature, and while it may be very beautiful it is less grand to observe the structure of artistic effort as a metaphor for the structure of nature itself. To place such an Impressionist painting next a late Gorky would be to see the difference very clearly.

Modern life has expanded our conception of nature and along with it nature's role in our lives and our art—a woman stepping on a bus may afford a greater insight into nature than the hills outside Rome, for nature has not stood still since Shelley's day. In past times there was nature and there was human nature; because of the ferocity of modern life, man and nature have become one. A scientist can be an earthquake. A poet can be a plague. In the abstractions of Willem de Kooning and in his female figures, we perceive structures of classical severity: the implacable identifications of man with nature. This is not symbolized. It is painted. In a manner of speaking, this artist's great *Excavation*[1] shows us what we do to the earth just as his *Woman*[2] shows us what we do to women. So deep an insight into the structure of man's identification with nature and the play of forces which it involves cannot be discussed in terms of passion or of plasticity, terms which are only useful in discussing the talent and skill of the painter, not the achievement of the paintings themselves.

The poet, Edwin Denby, penetrates the meaning of our response to a work of art as well as the achievement of the work itself. And perhaps the latter is truly secondary, for the achievement of a work of art changes but our response to it is a precise instant in the accumulation of its meaning and benefits from clarification. We do not respond often, really, and when we do, it is as if a flashbulb went off. Mr. Denby's criticism helps us to gain and to govern these otherwise capricious revelations. Ballet is illumined by his intuition; our best contemporary art critics are preoccupied with assessing, surveying, tallying and rating—with history and with the history of painters, less with the achievements of the paintings themselves and our response to them. The last two decades have been filled with Baroque art-to-art cant: like the rumors that swept through Europe after Columbus' voyages, there has been a great vulgarization and falsification of the discoveries of early 20th century masters. At the same time there have been other voyages, given impetus by the eternally powerful example of Cezanne—it was not just the Indies after all.

Had it not been for the adventurous spirit of American Abstract-Expressionism we should have been given over to a cult of mechanics, of know-how, of push-and-pull spatial organization which, as a means of formal knowledge, is essential perhaps, but which cannot be confused with creation, that word we use for a perception which is

thing that the painter had merely to uncover, to observe, realised already in a material form by nature, and to reproduce in art . . ." and again, ". . . nothing in this watercolor was merely stated there as a fact and painted because of its utility to the composition . . ." This is the gift lauded by our Japanese gentleman and its appearance now in New York is an event, this discovery of the innate quality of the mass which so heightens the effect of Mr. Pasilis' extraordinarily original sense of color. How often in Kandinsky (but not in Mondrian) we feel the impulse of the color strongly at first only to have it disappear later in the welter of architectonics, appearing and disappearing *artificially* by virtue of the artist's sophisticated juxtaposition of relationships. Mr. Pasilis' colors stand forth boldly, singly, naturally, independent of all but the light itself in their vital burst.

Like most of the artists discussed here, Wolf Kahn enjoys the wide frame of reference which painting nature enjoins. In a way, it is the prolongation of sensation into the future; you see, you absorb, you perceive, you paint, you see anew. Mr. Kahn has the sensibility of the Impressionists—not just their vision, their design, their science; he sees Impressionistically, especially in his earlier work. He sees millions of colors on each leaf, he sees light breaking over a face like foam, he sees an eye rolling in an abyss of pearly hues, he sees the sun shedding its gold over the landscape like blood. It is the measure of his strength that this seeing finds its structure, too, in nature, pressing as Soutine and Van Gogh did the intelligibility to appear no matter how rigorous the price. His paintings are very beautiful and very serious; very rich and very sad; very bright and very heavy. Like the passion of a Svengali for a Trilby, he seems to brood over nature at the same time as he presents its exquisite moments. The structure of the picture takes on personal strength and openness, as if an intimate secret were being divulged, with a warning. His self-portraits[16] of a year ago make this quality quite apparent: the artist is depicted in a bold emotional state, beset on every side by cutting colors, some sweeping into his form, others approaching and passing with the speed of arrows, and his eyes are everywhere upon them. These pictures brought a new personal feeling which is less to do with what he appreciates and more to do with what he perceives. At the same time they have an objectivity of emotional statement within the stance which is like a date under a Romantic poem: you read a fervent farewell, and the footnote tells you the poet died the next morning at Missolonghi. The "genuineness" of the paintings, their forms and details, no matter what the influence, has that kind of extraneous, compelling conviction—his *Still Life With Sting Ray*[17] is overtly Soutinesque and yet very cold and light; his pastels are so French in color, yet so geometrically perceived; the lavishly painted landscapes and dune pictures have the pleasure of a scream from a well-trained soprano, but it is nevertheless a scream and as such is more natural than singing. In the most recent paintings a new particularization of seen detail and of paint application makes the range abrupt within small areas; a dune-house interior flooded with darkness which seems caused by the hot sunlight outside the door treats the eye much the way nature does, careless of sudden shocks. In front of one of Mr. Kahn's paintings one is not always in command of oneself or of the experience, and as one sees longer it becomes apparent that an unknown quantity of perception is available to one's flagging powers, as in nature the hidden secret is partially revealed—or else this is the mysterious quality of painting itself.

So nature is with us? These new painters have done what they had to do and found what painting seemed to need for them. They have no group, they mail no manifestos and, unlike the Surrealists or Magic Realists or Academicians, they do not favor a given look or an external content; they do not separate themselves from painting.

Note: Works by artists mentioned above may be found at the following galleries: Egan: Franz Kline, Philip Guston, Robert De Niro; Sidney Janis: Willem de Kooning; Hansa: Wolf Kahn; Urban: Felix Pasilis; Stable: Elaine de Kooning; Tibor de Nagy: Grace Hartigan, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers.

1. Willem de Kooning, **Excavation,** The Art Institute of Chicago.
2. Willem de Kooning, **Woman,** Museum of Modern Art, New York.
3. Robert De Niro, **Woman With a Parasol,** Collection Barbara Guest.
4. Robert De Niro, **Crucifixion,** Museum Purchase Fund.
5. Grace Hartigan, **River Bathers,** Museum of Modern Art.
6. Grace Hartigan, **Ocean Bathers,** Collection Mr. and Mrs. Jay Steinberg, Chicago.
7. Jane Freilicher, **Reclining Figure,** Collection John Latouche.
8. Lady Murasaki, **The Tale of Genji,** translated by Arthur Waley.
9. Larry Rivers, **The Burial,** Museum Purchase Fund.
10. Larry Rivers, **Woman With Haircurlers,** Collection Kenward Elmslie.
11. Larry Rivers, **Two Women Posing,** reproduced by Art News December 1952.
12. Larry Rivers, **Portrait of Frank O'Hara,** Collection William S. Lieberman.
13. Fairfield Porter, **Rivers Paints a Picture,** Art News January 1954.
14. Larry Rivers, **Watermill Prospect,** Collection James Merrill.
15. Larry Rivers, **Self Figure,** Collection Ben Heller.
16. Wolf Kahn, **Self Portrait,** reproduced Art News November 1953.
17. Wolf Kahn, **Still Life With Sting Ray,** Collection Nell Blaine.

Barbara Guest

Belgravia

I am in love with a man
Who is more fond of his own house
Than many interiors which are, of course, less unique,
But more constructed to the usual sensibility,
Yet unlike those rooms in which he lives
Cannot be filled with crystal objects.

There are embroidered chairs
Made in Berlin to look like cane, very round
And light which do not break, but bend
Ever so slightly, and rock at twilight as the cradle
Rocks itself if given a slight push and a small
Tune can be heard when several of the branches creak.

Many rooms are in his house
And they can all be used for exercise.
There are mileposts cut into the marble,
A block, ten blocks, a mile
For the one who walks here always thinking,
Who finds a meaning at the end of a mile
And wishes to entomb his discoveries.

I am in love with a man
Who knows himself better than my youth,
My experience or my ability
Trained now to reflect his face
As rims reflect their glasses,
Or as mirrors, filigreed as several European
Capitals have regarded their past
Of which he is the living representative,
Who alone is nervous with history.

I am in love with a man
In this open house of windows,
Locks and balconies,
This man who reflects and considers
The broken-hearted bears who tumble in the leaves.

In the garden which has thus escaped all intruders
There when benches are placed
Side by side, watching separate entrances,
As one might plan an audience
That cannot refrain from turning ever so little
In other directions and witnessing thus
The completion of itself as seen from all sides,

I am in love with him
Who only among the invited hastens my speech.

Poem

One says quickly many things to himself,
"Time passes. I am not loved, feared. Am afraid."
These phrases happen frequently in public
Where everything is so charged with unknown,
Inexplicable community opinion that the brain,
Or the heart, depending upon one's choice,
Cannot always account for itself as a target,
Or as the slayer, but like weather continually profound,
Finds itself either raining or fair.
This particular day I remark,
"In the city what one walks on is the same."

So when single greens assemble a tree
And there is one man in that factory who can paint
For fifty years a rose, another innocent
Who will spend his life drawing the horizon line
And a friend who is quite capable of perspective,
Then landscape appears. In time begins again.

As on this day, under this colonial sky
I pitch my tent in Central Park
And after the massacre
Entwine my arms upon the statue of my general
And weep for what is lost.

James Broughton

The Autumnal Astrologer

O Lord Scorpio, of my deported realm,
all fusty-flung lags my zodiac,
I have lost the active octave of my moon.
Dim fits the fuse of my indirect circuit
to the dynamo sleep of the sun:
look! my starry armada gone aground.

O daytime Minister of sluggish deeps,
of abattoir, bog, and ash,
where lifts the navigation of your twilight Eagle
for all my steep drifts and variance?
What ulterior compass can your Serpent spin
to re-outfit my maritime firmament?

Once I was adept at whittling plumes
from the diadem of the Holy Ghost,
I could skittle any prow on a trine-shaped sea.
But now, dismantled, dark in this drydock,
how shall I rescue and recrown with fire
the diamond navies of my night?

Epithalamion, for the Dreamers in June

Merry fine lads grow fewer each day
and the sturdier ones make haste to wed,
so it's far between and it's way roundabout
when it comes to that specially well-met fellow
who will row you away in a strong house-boat,
who will row past the land of the dead.

The way to any wedding
doesn't take a ready road
through the bumpy hills of desire,
but the moon keeps its honey in a pot of gold,
the honey in the moon runs hot.

Good pretty girls grow older each day
and the shrewder ones takes the first to wed,
so it's hit or miss with a sharp lookout
for that one shepherdess on a seaworthy pillow
who will steer your daring like a jewel afloat,
who will smile down the land of the dead.

The route to wedding treasure
doesn't go an easy map
through the zigzag forest of the heart,
but the moon keeps its honey in a pot of gold,
the honey in the moon runs hot.

The Bottom of the Pond

Frankly I am weary of Narcissus.
Whether he be servitor of the public plunge
or monarch of the bathtub,
he is in toto a repetitious swimmer.
His fancy high-dives into shallow mirrors
he water-wings securely with home-blown laurel.

Equally am I tired of this miraging basker
defying his image on towels of glass.
He flaunts old applause, he taunts undress,
no possible sandwich does he leave untouched:
as a guest of the heart his taste is for medals
and on burning fingers he strikes his match.

Whether he be lifeguard in the goldfish bowl
or swan-singer on the whirlpool,
I am bored with the water ways of Narcissus.

Emilie Glen

LIBRARY

Walls wavered — shook — reeled with her headache, threatened to crush in, the only walls in this asylum that had ever been steady and bright, walls of books, her library. New regime rules were pulling them down around her. No patient could be in charge anymore, not of a place as important as her library. The new librarian from outside would be walking in before she could get hold of herself.

This library — she created it out of nothing, had the carpenter put in floor-to-ceiling shelves, decorated it in tones of golden-brown, set up the library system, brought order — welcome — made it a place of refuge.

Her mind had become almost well, helping those more lost than she, censoring their books, reading every last phrase for any upsetting reference, and the more she read, the more what seemed madness and terror in herself became the usual.

Here in this library, it was she who had the calm bosom. She knew the reassurance of her presence — a promise of how well they might become. Whatever went on inside her, she had a sound-apple look. The fortyish white hairs were mixing well with the brown-gold, making her hair lighter, brighter, beneath the lamplight.

Doris looked up at the kind of footsteps she was afraid the new librarian might have, the purposeful tapping of the outside world, no deviation, no dalliance; yet, paced by the occupational therapist, they might not be hers at all. Anyway, she was ready for them, the books in even rows to the edge of the shelves, the bright jackets of current books like tropical plumage among the mossy greens and earth browns, November book suggestions in a seasonal grouping.

"I'd like to have you meet Doris — Doris Ives, your assistant — Doris — Miss Cowles," said Miss Wilkins. "She'll acquaint you with the books, and help you in any way you need, won't we, Doris?" All patients exposed to her occupational therapy were addressed as **We** — We can do it, can't we? We'll make it, won't we?

At least no one had ousted her from the library she had built; she just wasn't in charge anymore. If Miss Cowles were the right sort, they would work together, have a sense of sharing. Surely she would let her be responsible for some things like buying the books. Even though patients could only leave the grounds by twos like nuns, once in Utica she could visit the book distributors on her own. They made her feel deliciously important when they invited her to lunch and gave her small gifts.

Miss Cowles' glance swept away the shelves and set up her own. "Fiction is by author, and non-fiction by title," Doris said, trying not to sound like the housewife explaining where she always left the key. "After you've lived with the books awhile, you don't even need that much guide, you know them by feel and color — know just where they are on the shelves. I could go to them blind."

"I'm sure you could, Doris." Miss Cowles' face had a sweet set — sweetness set in cement. "You've worked well and faithfully, and now that I'm here, you can take it easier — work only part time."

"But I don't want it any easier — couldn't bear part time. This is where I have to be."

"We'll work it out, Doris. We'll get on famously, you and I —" Miss Cowles riffled through the cards in the desk file without noticing the handwriting everyone praised. "You've done very nicely with the author-title arrangement, but the library has grown to such proportions that they want us to use the Dewey decimal system."

That may be all right on the outside, but in here we need an easier, more informal atmosphere, as if our readers just dropped into a friend's library."

Miss Cowles clicked down the lid on the card file. "I'm afraid we have no choice. I've been requested to introduce the Dewey decimal system. Once you've mastered it, you'll find it worlds simpler."... Worlds wavering, slipping away, sense of walls falling in again, her library walls. Before she could start acting like any hysterical patient in need of camisole, she said, "If you'll excuse me for a moment," and ran from the room.

The grounds were stiffening with November frost. A squirrel twitched across the dead leaves, his thinly furred tail whipping the cold light.

Now that the outside world had come to her library, she wanted to get out of this place where rules drew her up short like stretched rope. She'd write her brother to come for her, go straight to her room and write. Not to her room; she could no longer take refuge in her room during the day; she'd been told she must report to the recreation hall along with the others.

"Nothing's wrong with you, Doris," her brother was always telling her. "You came fleeing up here to Sanford as if it were some kind of convent. You were never committed. The doctor says now that Ethel and I have a place for you, you can leave anytime."

She had been at Sanford fifteen years now; only you didn't celebrate that kind of anniversary. She'd felt older at twenty-nine when she fled up here. Her brother never could understand how desperately she needed to run from what she might do to her

half-paralyzed mother — what bodily harm. Her mother had ridiculed every man she had tried to make a future with; dwarfed her life just as her tight pupils dwarfed her image. Obscene words pounded to be spoken whenever she was in the presence of her mother; must split her forehead, gush out in a foul torrent. At such times, her mother would grow tinier and tinier, a spidery creature she could crush to death in her palm — crush her — crush her.

In time, the bars had come to be a comforting pattern, a lattice against the world, a closing off of what was fearsome in herself. With the new rules enforced they were locked in their room at night. Mr. Walters had died behind a locked door, beating faintly against the walls, in his heart attack. All the anxiety the doctors said went with her condition, centered around a dread of being locked in at night — locked off alone — dying alone in the night. Shaking, sweating cold, she would tell herself that it was only a few hours until morning when she would be at her desk in the library, wrapped in the golden brown light — a room with more books than windows, folding her in.

No, she wouldn't write her brother to come for her, with the first threat to her library, not while she still had a desk there, the sharpened pencil with ready stamp that had enchanted her as a little girl when the librarian made out her card with a pencil that was order, that was wonder, the universe at a pencil point.

Walking in on her library next day, Doris felt dispossessed. Miss Cowles must have worked half the night tearing it apart — books across tables and floor, great gaps in the shelves, disordered rows, numbers tacked on what books had been given a place, as if they were in prison file. Cumbersome card catalogues had been moved in, taking away all sense of a library in a home with books ready to hand, a place to sit and read.

"Most of the patients here shy away from red tape," Doris told her. "You'll have trouble getting them to look through card catalogues, write out slips, and all that."

"Well, we can guide those unable or unwilling to use the card index."

How could she make an outsider understand the patients, get on with them as persons, not as a vague and terrifying **they?** Miss Cowles did try, she tried genuinely in the first Dewey decimal weeks, but she just wasn't on a footing with them. Doris knew her readers, was one of them — needed. She never stood before them as an embarrassed outsider. She steadied them, let go with them in tiffs that released tensions when no attendants were around to order them back upstairs in camisole. Once, she had been deprived of her library for a burst of temper not as bad as many in the outside world, but here, it was regarded as a murderous threat to the safety of the staff.

Along with the Dewey decimal system came the typewriter hacking at the cradling quiet — a desperately clinical sound to the patients, reminding of briskly pecked case histories in the recesses of the head doctor's office.

"You can type, can't you?" Miss Cowles had asked the day the machine was lugged in.

"Not very well — hunt and peck."

Miss Cowles' lines stiffened to a displeased smile that a moment might be wasted up here where they had all the time in the world.

"How can you work in all that clutter?" Miss Cowles asked. "If you'll just clear your desk, you'll accomplish more."

What looked like clutter to Miss Cowles had meaning, order — memos neatly scotch-taped to her desk, beautifully hand-written cards in an unobtrusive file, timely books at the front of her desk to invite the diffident to finger through the pages. Surely Miss Cowles must see that it was to her desk they came. That's where they lingered, told their wants — felt at home.

"Well, if you're going to work with me, you'll have to keep a neater desk — it shows a disordered — well, a —"

Disordered mind — why didn't she say it? Miss Cowles was showing herself squeamish, yes, squeamish, around anyone up here for treatment. Stealthy glances, hair coils shedding light in the quick turning away of her head, told Doris that Miss Cowles was wondering about her mind — waiting — wondering. . . .

Crushed in by weeks of Miss Cowles, she went off to a corner of the grounds and wrote her brother a letter. No words in it came right out and said she wanted to leave, but Bryce and Ethel swooped so suddenly that before she knew it, she was telling them, "No — no, I don't want to leave here — don't want to leave my library. You read too much into my letter."

"I must say, I can't see what's holding you here," said Ethel. All these new rules hedging you in, and the library no longer yours."

No charity like it, charity for a supposedly poorer mental state. The two of them felt strong, competent, bearing her off for a visit. As they urged her to come out into the world, they covered their own inadequacies, made up for their childlessness.

"Just because the head doctor is releasing you in our care, doesn't mean you need to feel bound to us," said Ethel, "if that's what's holding you back. It's only until you find a job; then you can live independently."

Find a job — find a job — it would be easier for someone with a prison record to find a job. They'd be sure to ask, "And where was your last place of employment, Miss Ives?"

Bryce's idea had always been to set her up in a gift shop. That's what you did with a sister who wasn't quite right, set her up in a gift shop, only his civil service pay wasn't enough to let him swing it alone, and Aunt Millicent wasn't going to lend her money to a kind of a hoax, doubtless felt the need of some such sign as **Doris Ives, Proprietor, formerly an inmate of the Sanford State Hospital for the Insane.**

You like to be around books so much, perhaps we can find you a job in a bookstore," said Ethel.

What made Ethel think a job in a bookstore could in any way approach her library — her place — bright with winter, a coolness in summer, enfolding in grey November?

All during the visit, Ethel felt she must entertain constantly, bring her out into the world when anyone living in an institution was more used to people around than her sister-in-law was, with her flinty ways. The guests seemed uniform as a clipped hedge after her merry individualists, the outside world rather tepid after the intensified life up there. This was the byroad, her library, the center of living.

Ethel introduced her to what she considered a fellow lonely heart whose mother had died, leaving her alone in a great house. That stranger was supposed to take to her; offer her a room, a shared life.

With the divination that comes to minds in stress, she knew which guests had been told about her. Their tongues quickened with relief when she talked just like anybody else. That's one thing she'd learned — to avoid the outward appearance of tension — the tongue frozen or clacking on past you; hands clenched to starting knuckles, pressed against a mouth that might pour out obscenities.

Bryce had never forgiven her the stigma she had put on their family — a shame he never could bear, his sister in a state institution. "Don't tell me you like being caged," he said after one of Ethel's teas. "Are you that spineless?"

"Stop it, Bryce," said Ethel.

"Well, she needs waking up. Why should we handle her with kid gloves when she's as normal as you or I. There's no history of insanity in our family."

That's how you were talked to when you made your secret heart as public as a bus stop. Once you let yourself be a case history in a file, you didn't belong to yourself anymore. The world could hack away at your life.

"Seven dollars a month, the state pays you. Is that how you value your services?"

Whatever she did, she mustn't blow up, scream — only those on the outside could get away with an outburst, "You settled for the security of a civil service job, didn't you?" she said in an acceptably quiet voice. "You don't do much better in your own way."

Bryce was ready to let go this time, his hand pressed into his jaw hard enough to bruise the skin.

"Don't think I'm unappreciative of all you're trying to do," she told Ethel, "but I'd feel like a charity patient."

"What are you there?" asked her brother.

"Bryce — Bryce," said Ethel.

"Sorry, but she needs —"

"I know —" Doris told him, "shock treatment."

There was no escaping them without letting them set a definite date for leaving Sanford. "Let's say January 12th," said Ethel. "Your room will be redecorated by then, and ready for you."

Not Christmas, but January 12th, giving them one precious holiday alone together before taking on the responsibility that she'd overheard a couple of Ethel's friends warn against . . . "She might have a relapse, you know — most mental cases do, I understand — they're never fully cured."

When they left her inside the gates with the reminder, "January 12th, then," she ran up the path to the library. Maybe it wasn't the same with that woman's hair coiled beneath the lamplight, the books in strange numbered rows, but it was still her strength and her refuge.

The first thing she did at her desk was to write Bryce and Ethel that she couldn't walk out with them January 12th when she was needed here. Who else did the others have to stand between them and Miss Cowles?

Miss Cowles still bunted through the library with change after change. The two desks were no longer side by side. Her desk was pushed back into a corner where she'd be better able to grub through her routine work without interruption while Miss Cowles sat up front handling the readers, her voice a bit too loud and distinct as if the inmates were on the deaf side.

The library was becoming less and less hers, with Miss Cowles doing all censoring of books, taking over the buying, giving her the simplest jobs accompanied by ABC instructions and encouraging little pats. And always the ill-concealed stare that expected something to happen — some sort of outbreak.

Then the semi-dismissal. "I'll need you only a few hours each day. You'll still be paid your seven a month, but you won't have to work as hard — just lunch hours and my days off."

Locked in her room that night, she wrote to her brother. He no longer jumped to overtones in her letters; she had to come right out and ask him to get her out of here. His answer was slow in coming. "We'll set a date one more time," he wrote, "and that's the last. March 21st, three weeks from Friday. If you stand me up, you can stay there for life." He meant it; he would leave her here to be locked in night after night — die locked in.

"March 21st for certain," she put in writing to him, and she knew she had committed herself again, this time to the outside world.

"It's going to be easy to place you," said her sister-in-law, tireless in disposing of her. "Not in a bookstore just yet. In the Mary Eames candy store — I just walked right in, said you were coming to Albany to live, and wanted to work for them. And you made such a nice impression on Miss Nostrand, the one who had just lost her mother, that she says you can take a room with her as soon as you're on your feet. Not that there's any rush — no rush at all."

As if in parting, the library still gave her good moments. Days Miss Cowles went off to Utica on a buying trip, she could almost believe the library was all hers again.

The head doctor called her into his office the week she was to leave. Words she never planned broke past her. "Doctor Samuels, I can't go with my brother — I just can't go with him. This is where I belong. It's come to be my home."

"But you are thoroughly well, Doris — ready to go out into the world. We can do nothing further for you here."

Doris went into the corridor that used to seem so frightening, corridor without end, doors drawing her in deeper and deeper, shutting her away. Now she wanted a labryinth of corridors, room within room within room.

It was only a step to the grounds where a March wind rushed her down the path, hurrying her out — away. She crossed to the library where no wind blew, and the words were all in books. The golden brown light drew her in at the door toward a figure at her desk that might have been some mannequin she had left there until her return. Miss Cowles looked up, annoyed surprise set in the aspic of her smile. "Why I wasn't expecting you until lunch hour tomorrow."

"I happened to have some time, and thought I'd help out."

"You know how I feel about that, Doris — not sticking to a schedule."

"Guess I'll turn reader then." She went back among the shelves — her acres, her seeded rows. No one had the right to dispossess her. All this was hers. She knew what she must do. Smash down the books, tear them down before the walls crushed in on her; overthrow the card catalogues, the maps, anything to prove she belonged at Sanford, couldn't be sent away. She came up behind Miss Cowles, seized hair coiled like a snake beneath the lamplight, tore it down about her head, shrieked with Miss Cowles, above her, terror point of all the shrieks that had ever penetrated her locked room — shrieks that brought attendants running, that would put her in restraining sheets — keep her here. She could stay — she could stay — sit at her library desk during Miss Cowles time off — moments all hers.

When she was allowed the freedom of the grounds again, the library was closed to her. Miss Cowles was frightened to death of her, wouldn't let her come near, even as a reader. She didn't dare enter that building or even linger on the grounds outside. All she could do was walk past to a glimpse, quick and warming as hot spiced cider.

Above, far above Miss Cowles' serpent coil, shelves of books in the autumn-leaf light reached to the ceiling, Dewey decimal numbers too distant to see. It was like a lover's room no longer shared, and like a lover, she wanted to fling pebbles at the windows, anything to attract notice — come within that circle of light once more — that golden concentrate.

Pier Paolo Pasolini

Appenine

Theatre of hilltops, drunken, lime-sown,
silent, the silent moon gives you life,
tender over Lucchesia, on the fields

that are all too human, burning
on Versilia's shore; so whole at the void
of the sea, the bemused moon on hulls,

in holds, wrinkled sails, after old,
popular voyages for fish between
Elba, the cape of Argentario . . .

The moon — there is no other life —
where Italy is whitened from Pisa,
shut on the Arno, lost in a dead

festival, to Lucca, modest in the grey
light of its relic, Catholic
perfection . . .

The human moon from these chill
stones reflects the heat
of lofty passions, as if beyond

their silence a dead ardor
sweated from its silent origin;
marble at Lucca or Pisa, at Orvieto
sandstone . . .

II

The moon kindles
only greyness, where azure
Etruscans sleep; it only

bends to hear liturgical boys
from Pienza's cobbles or
Tarquinia's on the bare,

resounding hills from the Appenines
it hollows out Orvieto, crowded
on the hill suspended over miniature

fields that goldsmiths plow, and the sky.
Orvieto, unharmed by centuries, pulp
of walls, roofs on earthen alleys, the mule's

exodus through pulp of youths
kneaded into the stone.

Closed in its nerves, its lucid gait,
between riven walls and tilting
houses, the mule climbs up from below

with baskets of flaming grapes
on his flanks, beneath the head
of Boniface, about to be dust, defended

by baroque loftiness in the wall's
mediaeval niche.

III

Boniface is absent from his gesture,
David's hand is heavy, holding
the sling, and Ilaria, only Ilaria . . .

Within the cloistered transept
as in an aquarium, her eyelids are
of resigned marble, her breast

where her hands join in calm,
absent being. Here is Italy's dawn
and evening, its lean

birth, its dying without color.
Sleep, the hollow centuries; no scalpel
can lay bare the tender massiveness

of these eyelids.

Jacopo with Ilaria sculptured Italy,
lost in death, when her age
was more pure, more necessary.

IV

Beneath shut eyelids, among his
lice laughs the boy from Cassino,
sold by his parents, on the raging

banks of the Aniene, a killer
and a whore nurse him, through
the colonial nights when Ciampino

blinded with washed-out stars
hums with the planes of monarchs,
and along sick boulevards, the beat

of sex's sentinels, in devastating
waits around the earthy latrines,
from San Paolo to San Giovanni, to

the hottest corners of Rome you hear
the supine hours of the night ringing
in nineteen fifty-one, there is a cracking

of the membrane . . .

In Ilaria's closed eyelids trembles
the infected membrane of Italian
nights . . . soft with breezes, calm

with lights . . . shouts of young people,
hot, ironic, bloody . . . smells
of hot rags, wet now . . . Quips

from old, Southern voices . . . choruses
from Emilia, weakened in ponds and villages,
from vice's province, in the white

hearts of the bulbs in dirty bars
in the suburbs of the city
flesh and poverty find placid,

airy sounds . . . and then? In the vellum
and massive eyelids of Ilaria, nothing
that is not sleep. Morning's shapes

that death, precocious, in this girl
bound to marble. Italy has nothing left
but her marble death, her barren,

interrupted youth . . .

Under her eyelids, in her sleep,
the earth, incarnate, in the moonlight
has a virgin transport in the silver

dark that on the landslip of the Appenine
declines, steep, towards coasts where
the Tyrrhenian and the Adriatic foam is pearled.

Within the round enclosure of skins
and metal, isolated among the thickets,
on a bare patch of grass, in a circle,

on the green, green slopes of Soracte,
sleeps a damp, sooty flock, and the shepherd,
his limbs all contracted

on the limestone.

V

Under those closed lids, Luni, like
a sheepfold, the fossil town,
and the timid cities where the Appenine

is perfume, more human in graven hedges,
among the warm arables of Tuscany,
or where more dead the unremembering parishes

are absorbed in Etruscan stone, in this old age
fade virginal, clear sounds
of evening, And it is unraveled —

the range, in the centuries' sillions,
the veins of the Serchio, the Ombrone
and, beyond the rough funnels and earthen beacons

of dawn, the Tiber, in the Appenine's
dust-cloud, the Tiber pagan still . . .
Rome, in glades of paeons, ruins,

Alexandrine and baroque, gilds
in the moon, and undone, irreligious
slums, where everything is unknown

that is not sex, caves inhabited
by faeces and children; the river-streets
from the Pincian to the Aventine,

to the slopes of the naked San Paolo
where the lights yellow the hot atmosphere.
resound with footsteps that stain

the damp stones, and the Roman evening,
echoing them, like a membrane scratched
by a vicious finger, reveals, more sharp,

the smell of urine.

VI

An army encamped and waiting
to become Christian in the Christian
city occupies a rotting expanse

of filthy grass in the burnt campagna:
he, too, hopes to go down amid
the civilian light, awaiting a human

habitation, he from Puglia or Sardegna,
in a pigsty, the muddy slaughter-block
in blind villages with shining churches,

modern, with skyscrapers.

Under his closed eyelids this
disheartened siege of a million souls
with naive skulls, eyes quick

to catch on, among the infested swamps
of Pietralata.

VII

The Appenine, red, blue is lost along
the white South, absorbed under
the closed eyelids, in the halo

of the sea at Gaeta and Sperlonga . . .

Beyond mount Massico Sparanise
sets candelabra of olive-trees, in festoons
of plants climbing on the Elysian

glades, where the lamps shine
at San Nicola . . . the African bay
is thrown open at Naples, a nation

in the nation's belly . . .

And Jacopo no longer (more recent
is Ilaria's sleep) beneath that eyelid
sets in civil form the people's world

of Italy, and against the dry backgrounds
of his landscape no longer strips
in moral light, that does not hide

the body's darkness, a hand that unites
to God the poor neighborhood; down here
all is pre-human, and humanly rejoices,

against this vulgar laughter was
and is useless any word
of salvation; here shines the most

glowing indifference in colors
of the Renaissance, as if for sun
or shade there was needed only

this bold presence, of rags, gold,
with — in the eyes — the calloused laugh
of the tenements fasting from love;

Latin boys under her closed
eyelids sing in the hearts of the race
of the poor who have stayed barbarians

of its origin's epoch, excluded
from the sceret events of Christian light,
from the necessary movement of the centuries;

and of Italy they make, ironically,
their own belonging, in a dialect of laughter
that no city or province but a ridge's

obsession, a neighborhood, keeps engraved
in itself; if each closed in sex's heat,
his own measure, lives among a people

abandoned to the truest cynicism and the truest
passion; to denying himself with violence
and violent self-bestowal; clear

in its mystery, pure and corrupt . . .

If each, an expert, knows the naive language
of incredulity, of insolence,
irony, in the wisest of dialects

and most vicious, shuts his eyelids
without conscience, and is lost in a people
whose clamor is nothing but silence.

translated by William Fense Weaver

Marvin Cohen

My Position to My Low Environment Compared to the Sun's Position to His Trouping Surrounders, Via Analogy with God's Core Headquarters

My floor universe
has ants and buttercups
that glide around my central sun
(the tall pillar of my body)
like God's angels
planet the orbitular Throne
in daily wings
that ring vastly Consequence
on the Spreading Cause;
Though, immobile, the sun is but a star
stuck aground somewhere,
and I an outpost — of the presumption
to still dream myself central.

Kenneth Koch

En L'An Trentiesme de Mon Eage

O red-hot cupboards and burning pavements, alas it's summer; my cheeks fall into somewhere and alas for the Rainbow Club.
Flowery pins bluejay introspection anagrams. On this day I complete my twenty-ninth year! I remember the lovely margarine
And the ack-ack of the Chinese discomfortable anti-aircraft bullets shouting into the clay weather like a beachball in *Terry and the Pirates*,
A canoe in shorts, or a laughing raincoat of Bessemer steel. What lightness it is to be still!
Here, among the orange living, like a spine faculty in the harvest diversity cup, a red Chinese giraffe that imitates a rose
Like a lover of steel mittens in collarbone harness time, blimp-lovely, and hooky-players in the green shark
Museum, the sand everywhere around, forming a coat for the naked pencils; the last laugh is on me, says air —
O spring! no, summer! O winter!

The cocoanut magistrate adopted my little sister, "Cousin."
She had always wear a green sweater and toy play in the sybaritic air.
I am trying to clean up the loft, so that if you will please remove
The red hayloft from the lost, I can do it a lot easier, with blue air
And red seagulls and green crashes. "Cousin" was put among the simple cases,
And when she came to see me (that was during my sixteenth summer) I said,
Cousin are you glad to be home? and she handed me a lime swimmer.
Boys often ask me my advice on how they can become more sensitive
To orange wagons sunning themselves beside green curbstones, but "Cousin" said,
Take this lime advance. Shoebox. We are swimming toward a coffee aspirin tablet.
I didn't know what it meant at the time; and when "Cousin" was packed away
With the other Christmas ornaments, she asked me once more, California lime Swinburne?
But mother and I laughed at her little cookies, and went home. What does it mean?
"Chorusgirl" was the name of a dog I had aged seven. I kept him until I was nineteen. In nineteen forty-four he reappeared as an ancient cook. But one could see the laughing young eyes beneath her (his) grey hair.
And then I touched Coffee Silverware in the Park on her lime-colored shoulder, and we kissed
After eating close to a million hamburgers, and drinking bourbon out of little hollow glass trees.
That was the advantage of living close to Kentucky! The sedge laboratories closed down over New Year's
Day, so Kent and I had to search the barnyard for a light blue accident
Machine; he went to Texas in the same year and founded a shortage hospital
Of pure ice, toward which lovely secret purple ladders fell. I sandwiched
In seeing him while I was canoeing through there in the army. Our
Regimental insignia was an ordinary, clean polar bear looking at the sun
As if he were surprised to be in a war. Most ordinary people
Laughed and died on paper, an orange smear. To not hear cocoanut music
Was all right, but once I did . . . ! O dreams! O nostalgia! A campus of cotton roses to detach my wristwatch
Was my dream, and matchsticks the color of yellow real estate, with white bearskin gloves
To hold a pink apple! It took place on a bed in New York, a rich neighborhood, O coffee-covered sentimentality!

Clean up the happy boats, my son, for we're going to take a vacation manuscript. Doctor "Raspberries" to tell me I'm crazy still in the future like a white plywood
Airplane. But Jane bought paints! We fractured the coffin-balloon. She wore a redbird hat. Alice favored the Cubs. Together they fought with tinfoil spoons. A glass of beer-water please!
What is your knowledge of the novel? is it happy? are you trying to cover up for the green ants? When will the popcorn graduate? The peach's mother and father came down to the wedding in fuzz.
Grasping for the boat-rail I inquired after "Cousin," and was showered with green lemons. I didn't know you were in love with her! I said to Raspberry Corpuscle. He shoved me out into the water.
Amid this blue clothing was I dying or living? how old was I? I had not yet published "Fuel Bedrooms," so let me see . . . Nancy's hands were covered with glass sandwiches. She offered me seventeen. I said, They're green. She said, Gondolier!
The towers fell down. Mr. Howard, Mrs. Raspberry. Rosemary Character Study was holding the candy door wide open for me. I looked inside at the green bedroom of the Cows! Where is that carfare I knew, O you loud orchestra of seals and tenpins?

September. The red photograph-milkmen's clay hods
Plant sybaritic green clay roses through the center of Cow
Museum. "Peanut" arrives in a fur coat. Some more clay?
No thank you, I have to miss the detestable passenger plane
Of agoraphobic candy, which thousands consider a Mississippi
Hairline. Isn't it customary to Presbyterian Hospital? Larks in a motor.
Water, water, water! Heavenly December. O my sovereign, the railroad illness!
Aerate the detached choochoo! The leaves fell, greener than grass-
Colored leather. Can I sell you the wheels, sweet European doctor?
Argentine. Italy. Cairo. Myopia. The Last Supper.
The sealion of brocaded gunpowder is coughing beside the submarine archway
Of my twenty-sixth birthday, sealion, cloudburst, November!

Nudity Silex Kleenex bells June The Empire State Building.
Do you remember France? Can ants be a peasant? When did the daughter of Wendell Willkie walk like green lipstick toward the frogs?
Oh why is the weather no signal of gloom, sweet February twenty-seventh? The restaurant would not serve licorice, you remember,
To persons under the age of five, and still I love news! Would you be afraid to jump into where the lice formed a purple cloud? No.
I am afraid the garden will not go with the bedroom whose gasoline station of red lips brings bright ferns into the Charge-O-Plate Ballroom of Japanese phonograph-heather for the cheese musicians
Whose calico lips might sing of the mother and father, the sister (O "Cousin"!) and the leaves, the hairpin and the chlorine, while the floating paperweights
Of which a soft soda fountain dreams beside ruined headbands consent elegantly to disturb the tile raincoat of the whale. Sweet music of cement,
Am I a has-been? What? The water is feeling very pretty and green. I remember it because it's my favorite color. Both his and her clothes have been hung up inside the grape cupboard. And yet still I call out, Green, green!
What is this all about? My eyes are your color, yes, but my head is an orangish white as to the face and neck, my hair
Brown and short, white teeth, ears like walnuts, ORegon 5-3526 is my phone number, to which, like a large white bunny on green pine-needles,
I suppose I'll adhere, for at least a few months after the end of my twenty-ninth year. Did the cookie-dog say he had something he wants to celebrate? Well, come on!
We can't stand here forever smoking bumblebee cigarettes!

William Fense Weaver

The World In One Eye

GRADUALLY there came to be four of us, consciously a group, who met together evenings at an obscure restaurant with poor food, where we were almost the only customers. Indeed, if the place had been more frequented, we would not have gone there—at least, not together—for though one of us alone can sometimes escape attention, or perhaps be treated with mere fugitive curiosity, when four of us are assembled—lined up, as it were—we cannot be so readily dismissed.

For all of us—Harry, Evan, Philip, and myself—have the same deformity. We are all blind in one eye. Now, to the average person this half-blindedness might seem trivial, no more, say than a bad complexion or a cauliflower ear. But let such a person suffer for an hour or so this condition, and I am sure he would know at once the full, deep extent of its horror, the horror of separation from the others.

But I do not intend to indulge in self-pity. I have been as I am since birth, and I can now honestly say that the physical aspect of it—my seeing the world always as a flat, wall-paper landscape—is unimportant to me, and as to my mental suffering: I have known how to reduce it to its minimum terms after years of patience and experience. I have been, you might say, worn down to my present, quite unobtrusive shape by the constant rubbing against the others, those with two eyes.

In the past I used to think occasionally that if I had been born, as many people are, with money, my life would have been different. I could have moved to another country and lived the life that human beings are intended for. But by now, though I have never been able to afford travel, I have become convinced that in all countries it must be the same: the same ghastly embarrassment, the official kindness, the degrading condescension.

I wish I could say my friends possessed my same resignation. Harry is unquestionably the worst. He has walled himself up in a world of the one-eyed. To him other considerations are unimportant. Male or female, black or white—the stranger that Harry meets is examined for a moment only, in the vain hope of finding that partial blindness, the mark of imparity, which is the only password to his intimacy or admiration.

Recently I met the final example of Harry's perversity, when he insisted to me, in utter seriousness, that from a careful study of old prints he had learned Shakespeare's left eye was glass, and contrary to all accepted biographies, he knew that Milton could really see a little bit out of one eye. I saw it was useless to argue.

Evan and Philip are, in their different ways, almost as bad. Evan, for example, refuses to learn from me that for us, all intimate relations with the world of the two-eyed are out of the question; we would never be accepted. Only a short while ago he came to me with the proud account of his association with a prostitute. "If you could have seen her," he said, "two of the biggest brown eyes . . ." His pride was ridiculous and pitiable at once. When he suggested bringing this girl to our cafe, I had to be harsh with him (I am older and I feel responsible). "Bring her here if you like, Evan," I said, "I can arrange to take my evening meal elsewhere." Sensibly, he did not protest.

Philip is the youngest of us. He is in his early twenties, and it is only the last two years that his sight has been halved. Before that he was the boy whose traces can still be seen in him: impetuous, popular, athletic and sensitive at the same time. Now he is composed only of the passion with which he regrets his youth, that prepared him for nothing, least of all his present state. In a limited, that is to say material way, Philip is a success, young as he is. He has written an immensely popular novel, a story with the kind of falsity that the reading public so admires, full of healthy, normal people, adventure, sports, and sex—the things Philip, in joining us, has inevitably left behind him. On the jacket of the book there is a thoroughly untrue biography of the author, whose name is a ludicrous pseudonym Philip invented, with our help, one night at the dinner table.

I'm afraid I have made our dinners sound melancholy or, at best, dull. No doubt the reader imagines the four of us, silent and morose, picking at our food, held together only by our mutual incompleteness. Not at all. Our common deformity was only the long-forgotten origin of our acquaintance; since our first meeting, we have become sincere friends. And our table-talk has all the good qualities, and bad, of the conversation of close and constant friends. We have, as all friends do, subjects we avoid with tacit consent: sport (in deference to Philip), prostitutes (because of Evan), and so on. But we also have our favorite topics, our unimportant quarrels, and our jokes.

A word should be said about this humor of ours. As with all friends who see one another regularly over a long period, our humor, our private quips, move in a progression of associations, deeper and deeper into our privacy. I remember clearly how shocked Philip was when Harry—who is at times unfeeling—made his first joke about our condition, something inane about "the eyes have it." Philip's cheeks turned a flaming red and he remained silent for the rest of the evening.

But Harry's inept jest seemed to break a verbal dam, and the quick stream of our humor flowed on more fully than ever. We took a perverse pleasure in laughing at our

own tragedy, and the very uniqueness of our jokes gave them an added pungency, the secret knowledge that in all the world there were only we four who could laugh at what was being said. To the others it would not be funny; it would likely be incomprehensible.

And so our laughter became more frequent and more subtly provoked. One evening Evan convulsed us all by using "me" instead of "I," imitating at the same time the familiar, confused, embarrassment of some two-eyed matron, confronted with one of us as a guest.

But just lately, things had begun to change. The humor slowly died down, a shadow came to hang over our flat world. It is difficult to explain the reason; maybe there is none. I have a feeling that the state of the country has something to do with it, the obvious preparation for another war, the papers filled with pictures of healthy, marching soldiers, or the sudden sight at a street corner of a poster, yards high, with a handsome, khaki-hatted head, staring at us, both eyes wide, fixed in an appeal to be joined in his fight.

I did not notice the change at first. Perhaps a week passed before I realized that we were no longer the same. We talked less, and I seemed to be aware of a distance that lay between us, as if we were the four points of a meaningless rectangle, held rigidly apart, as we sat in the evenings at dinner.

Then really disturbing things happened. I passed Harry on the street and he did not recognize me. He was wearing a monocle, so that he looked, superficially, normal. Normal and ridiculous. I stood still and watched his back as he moved away from me. Some of the passers-by ignored him, others nudged each other, pointed covertly at his monocle and giggled. But there was, of course, none of the usual confusion, the pitying glance quickly concealed, or giving way to frank curiosity. Poor Harry. What an inadequate way to escape.

At the restaurant, Harry was quiet and uneasy. He missed several evenings that week and did not explain his absences. Then Sunday night—which is often festive with us—Evan appeared, wearing dark glasses, his face suddenly looking strange to us, rounder, and at the same time a little more commonplace. He took the things off at the table, defiantly daring us to criticize him; he had proclaimed his independence.

Worse than my own grief at this treason to friendship was the pity I felt for Philip. His thin young face was bright with anger and horror. He was overwhelmed, as if he had cried "sanctuary" only to find the cathedral door admitting him to an impregnable cell.

Harry left early, and Evan followed shortly after him. When he put on the glasses again, I could not help seeing that his face was full and beautiful, almost noble. And I saw that Philip was as clearly aware of the change as I was.

The two of us sat there for a long time, pretending to smoke, pretending to be at peace. When it was very late, Philip said: "I must be getting along."

"I'll walk with you," I said, for I could not bear to leave him, though he was already alone, in a solitude far beyond my repairing.

The streets we traveled were not crowded, but they were brightly illuminated. There are no dark streets in an American city. And the people that passed, following their nature, looked at us. I could see that these casual glances were stabbing deeply into Philip's wound.

"They hate us," he said, with deceptive calm. "Do you know that? It isn't pity we find. And it isn't uneasiness. They hate us because we unsettle them, we remind them that nothing is secure, nothing can be taken for granted, their lives, their happinesses and their sorrows—it's all a comfortable pattern for them. But then, without warning, they pass us on the street, as they are going to dinner or to the church or the brothel, and they see our uneven faces, and then all the things in the world that are crooked and lopsided and unfair come home to them. And they hate us, not for what we are, but for what we symbolize."

"You're taking this too much to heart," I said to him. "They probably forget us when they have reached the turning of the street. That's all."

"They forget what we look like. But they cannot forget the unforgivable, what they feel in their bones."

"*You* must forget," I answered, "You are thinking too much."

And so I walked with him all the way to the house where he had a room. There he sank into a chair, not exhausted by the walk, but by his thoughts.

"And I hate them, too," he said. "*You* can pretend to ignore them, but it's impossible. They are the ones who rule us, who reject us. Harry and Evan are even worse fools. They make themselves impossible, but they don't escape anything. There must be some other way, a way to go beyond them altogether."

I stayed there in the room until Philip had gone to bed. Then I turned out his light, walked quietly past the landlady's door, and went home.

My telephone was ringing when I stepped inside my door. It was Philip's landlady, who said only, "Come at once."

I feared he was dead. But now I realize how ridiculous that fear was. Philip would have thought of suicide as a surrender; his pathetic wish was for something of more heroic stature, a triumph.

When I got to the house, the landlady met me. "He's come to," she said, and I preceded her up the stairs.

Philip lay on his bed, much as I had left him, but his face was covered with blood, and he held a knife in his hand, the knife with which he had cut his right, sound eye.

"I've gone beyond them," he said, when I told him I was there. Then he fainted again.

"I've already called the hospital," the woman said.

I could hardly see for my tears. But I was more recovered when, at last, the ambulance arrived and the two youths carried the stretcher into the room, then lifted with experienced tenderness Philip's inert body on to it.

I followed them out.

"Take it easy," the first one said softly to the other. "This stairway is steep. Keep your eyes open."

He did; I saw them.

Daisy Aldan

Hop Scotch

Sailboats rock among the lines; hop·hop
along the snail; fill the sand can till it spills and splashes over the top
and pours through the holes at the sides, Hooray! Boats and drakes are rocking
on the lake. Drakes are not wooden; they are not bouncing on the little waves on strings;

they are not wound up; they will arrive nowhere bobbing against the current.
Rocks flying and Wham! Quacking saws the air, and pecking
in a quick flutter of flap, turquoise heads gleaming
in the sun; now they scratch with their bills under their wings.

I'm Frankenstein's monster. Stop screaming!

spills spilling water splashing, the toy boats bang against the cement.

Skip the nettles and don't step on the lines! flip flap
toy waves, flip flap toy boats, drakes flip flap; flip flap
wings of yellow paper canaries, turquoise and majenta tails
propellors in the wind, revolving if you keep running, and green heads spinning
and everything spinning singing in little bell tones like false chinese nightingales.
Snap goes the string and the bird flops.

Kick the potsy to 1, 2, 3, skip poison, rest, 4
poison poison 5, 6, rest, 7 poison poison poison 8, HOME in the snail's core.
Grey boy dolls grasp the rudders for the white sails are keeling
obliquely, and all the girl dolls are lying dying in the grass.
Hot sun rides among the wind intervals; leaf shadows are reeling
on the lines; small round o's of sunlight shimmer on the numbers, confuse the egress,
and on number 3 lie thin torn twigs and crumpled pieces of last year's wishes.

How will we leave the center of the coil without breaking the devil's dishes?

Praise Black

the rich all; womb warm
and black; pitch mud tar oil ooze from deep wells,
spilled ink ossifying shape, molding space; rim, form,
dots, water tanks on roofs, twigs and aerials
dream drawn, cathedral towers against the sky,
black moon, flowers, rocks, stream; ants, flies, high
crow tracing invisible heiroglyphs on air; the seam
of the horizon, infinity where stars seem,
eye pupil enlarging and enfolding light,
light consummate — a passage to flash, to rainbow;

also shadow, eyeless, opaque, the window
where the lamp went out; gulf, abyss, night;
black the Neopolitan funeral coach, flower-bedecked, black
the large crystal funeral beads; the tomb
cold and black; the grave warm or cold and black;
neither warm nor cold but black; the room
of terror; the womb of peace; surface, substance, culling, praise!

The Room

Through our hands whispering together, the room suspended
in stoboscopic light returns careening into being.
I am lured back, encoiled, coiled in torn webs fragile as dust
which greyly, aimlessly flutter.

In crystal slivers, curves on walls, wheels green against silver,
chandelier of Spanish tombs mirrors reversion, rocks, sways,
and frozen flames begin to gleam like tiger lilies.
From matted grass over graves, grey pronged

trees leer-beaked, strain toward flight. A white moth has drowned
in a glass of ruby wine — slowly wavers in a pool of ruby wine.
Turned backward and down, I somersault in divisible
revolutions, a mermaid in death throes

in a turmoil of sorrowful torsions floundering drowning
to laughter. Why do you revive the pyre of embalmed
flowers in this tomb of our desire, and push them between
our legs thighs while the lamps spin?

Frank O'Hara

Hermaphrodite

How he, reclining on the limp edge of
wet dawn, divines rhetorically the stem
of his life which purports a kissing wind,
baguettes, managerial consistency, and
he is seen by too many people. It is
understood by those green trembling faces,
those flatterers.
He tries desperately
not to notice the necessity of a manner
which is opaque, and dependent on
the rolling branches of blue convolvulus
which, like seeing-eye dogs, are saying
"Ay yeah. Surely. Of course."
Winter
for instance, compares him to the ancients,
the anemone, the mammoth and his tusky friends,
some beautiful and driven as snow, alone
and each. Unmasking him, unmanning him,
stripping him down and cutting off his breasts
in the style of those Arab outrages, this
would be supremely satisfying to the hoodlums
who are his only audience, the believing ones
he would like to make weep. And yet, poor,
he has no circus smile, he is deep, and
just as a mirror grows hairy with weariness
considering all that remains hidden, he
tabulates ponderously the details of his own
decorum, faints, and then looks quickly up
hoping to recognize the curiosity
of the breakers. He is cold but cannot,
because it would hide his sex.
Presenting him
always in a summery light is his personality,
the gross pretender to nature and relaxation.
Bedecked with jewels, he's invisible among leaves,
does not think it mean to cry "Pooh! Pho!" at
the hunters and scamper off, although they are
in tears of vacation, they feel queer. Bus,
he must take a bus, he thinks, no parasite he.
They can always check on him through the company.

His hair will not grow thick enough to braid
and hide, leaves are spreading far and high,
he should be curled up tight in the airless ransom,
the sea, whose vibration ceases at the instant
of his need. How brave he is! anxious but silky,
the most lovable echo, the most diffuse alarm. There:
no hello, no goodbye pressing its moist lips
against a thin sky, so still infuriated. "Ah!"

An Ode

An idea of justice may be precious,
one vital gregarious amusement . . .

What are you amused by? a crisis
like a cow being put on the payroll
with the concomitant investigations and divinings?
Have you swept the dung from the tracks?
Am I a door?
If millions criticize you for drinking too much,
the cow is going to look like Venus and you'll make a pass
yes, you and your friend from High School,
the basketball player whose black eyes exceed yours
as he picks up the ball with one spread hand.
But doesn't he doubt, too?

To be equal? it's the worst!
Are we just muddy instants?
No, you must treat me like a fox; or, being a child,
kill the oriole though it reminds you of me.
Thus you become the author of all being. Women
unite against you.

It's as if I were carrying a horse on my shoulders
and I couldn't see his face. His iron legs
hang down to the earth on either side of me
like the arch of triumph in Washington Square.
I would like to beat someone with him
but I can't get him off my shoulders, he's like evening.
Evening! your breeze is an obstacle,
it changes me, I am being arrested,
and if I mock you into a face
and, disgusted, throw down the horse—ah! there's his face!
and I am, sobbing, walking on my heart.

I want to take your hands off my hips
and put them on a statue's hips;
then I can thoughtfully regard the justice of your feelings
for me, and, changing, regard my own love for you
as beautiful. I'd never cheat you and say "It's inevitable!"
It's just barely natural.
But we do course together
like two battleships maneuvering away from the fleet.
I am moved by the multitudes of your intelligence
and sometimes, returning, I become the sea—
in love with your speed, your heaviness and breath.

Carol Hall

Sons and Fathers: The Homecoming

When the slamming of the glass door shatters your faceless calm,
Dendrites like trees make porches of the eyes
Wherein I see you wave your flags of heroes,
My face a muddy boot to tramp your exile.

Old goat blind at the laying-on of hands,
Was it my hair your coin-smoothed fingers haggled?
You must set me up now with a shop of goodies,
I want my name loud on a paper plaque.

My two strong cats alert for fish and brains,
Await your orders, certain of your bounty:
You would not dispossess my two strong cats?
I foretell it all, the pit and the trodden coat,

Casting lot with all heroes, and all my women
Have burned their boats on the millionth bonfire's beaches:
Now, old blind goat, I need my patrimony.
Is your face rayed with light like angry windows?

Where Lungs Have Shallow Valleys

This is a country such as never was,
Where lungs have shallow valleys like the moon,
New pits and pockets shine in this furred head
Which — peering through his spying freezing glass —
The man in the moon can, like light clouds, discern.

In the nick and pounce of time, when the wretched clock
Crows triumph on this felled man,
As the air grows thick with hearses, sheets with ghosts,
We pray on this dour day that man may rot
In the soil of his own bed, be O not roughly pulled.

The Animals Have All Gone

It is night, the animals have all gone
Where pot is hooded and where grass is cold,
Folded away from rain
Some in the basement by the stoker's stormy folds
Or banked with wooden swords and books, or filed
In the tall crevices and the riddled holds
Of ships.

In this their room, this night
Without smell or heat
Of moons, the heavens cluster near, to crease
And draw and gather for the predestined drop.
Here wind must stop
Where animals in cotes are close,
Are fast in stables, in the cover's wool.

Where time is home our heaven is truthful
Whose shepherd shears and shrives us bare of sins;
While children bark and heroes bite the whip
Our Christ will pose with false lambs to His feet,
And all the animals be bloody and replete.

David Galler

The Stone

The cold edge of the stone makes it.
We notice its surface.
Thereon
Heap our geometry,
Knives and napkins, to
Make known what we know.
Crescendo:
With our elbows, we
Would wear it down. The
Ways of our admiration. It

Can be changed, we say.
And
The praises: we have
Never spoken them. To use
The stone is sufficient.

Now we are
Hungry, and the stars
Jab us. We stand guilty
Before the stone, whose

Praises, ah, we wish we had
Spoken; and on it
We beat with our knives for emphasis —
in our enthusiasm

Touch our lips with our napkins.

Listening

"Height!" they cried; and he
Looked up from his play.

"Height!" they cried again;
And, for a while, he watched
Their fluttering hands, saliva,
Their numb noses nuzzling the sky,
Eagerly higher.

"Height!" one, pointing, gasped,
And, swaying, fell over
the shoes of another.

He hurled his ball at the ground,
And watched it rise past his eye.

The Information

It is about a man who suffers, and
It is worth nothing.
                Our dreamy
Brown chairs will never
Equal the Age. It is worth

Less as art than as life, for
We listen and our movements
Are hidden in the cushions.

Lloyd Zimpel

ALL SWEET FACES

He was put in mind of the hot broad streets of Lincoln, Nebraska from which this place was no different . . .

There was almost no one in sight on the streets—a few natives in military dress but they were soon gone. A civil policeman was directing traffic from an overturned barrel in the center of the wide boulevard intersection before the capitol but there were no vehicles passing. The policeman stood idle: he raised his white gloved hand and waved merrily, smiling with dazzling gold teeth . . .

He did not respond; he was no tourist even though a camera hung from his shoulder. (It should have been left behind in his quarters.) It wasn't important because there was no film . . .

Now though he saw no one but the policeman he knew people were about. He was stubbornly certain he knew this city: the people would be found in the alleys, hidden away . . .

He turned off the arid desertlike boulevard into an alley and immediately he was in cooling shadow. The sun, still shining whitely above him—he looked up—was blocked by the tin, tile and straw roofed houses that split to form a narrow passage. So close were they together he could stretch out both long arms and touch dwellings on either side of the path, reaching over even the narrow though deep gutter or stream that dribbled slowly a thick gray fuzziness of sewage that was barely fluid . . . He was walking downhill. If opposite doors were opened simultaneously his way would be blocked, but the doors were sliding panels; there were few doors left for the looters had torn them out . . . He paused to peep timidly into one of the dwellings from which the door apparently had been carried off—it was nowhere about. He saw only a small cupboard-like room that opened immediately into a tiny square courtyard which was bare . . . He continued on, knowing people yet lived here, somewhere, hidden away from something they no longer really feared—or perhaps *ever* feared (he recalled the stoic fearless—and loveless too—faces of those people on the road: what did they care about?) but sought seclusion now only to keep from seeing—which would be to weep, perhaps . . .

The passage branched and branched again; he turned haphazardly, taking the fork that appeared most travelled, following no special direction. (He could find his way back by lining the capitol with the mountain peak.) The houses were all identical but in series of patterns: the fat padded thatch, the rusted tin, the chipped tile; with curved roofs—to pitch the tiny men of evil into the neighboring yard. (What happened to the little men in those communities where the angles of the roofs were straight?) . . . There was some doubt in his mind that he had taken the proper turn last time the passage forked . . . Was it wise for him to be here alone?

Overhead a plane droned, as always; only now the sound was intensified because of the unnatural awful silence he found himself in. His skin prickled . . . Noiselessly a swallow slipped from its cup of dried mud beneath a tile eave and swooped before his face, then skimmed zigzaggedly a scant inch from the ground along the passage ahead of him . . . leading . . .

There was no doubt now that he had chosen a path leading to an inhabited section of the almost deserted city; the smell of nightsoil—sluggish in a quick sunheated breeze —curled his nostrils. He muttered aloud a mild somewhat frightened curse which no one heard . . . seemingly there was a dampness in the earth here. This was strange because though the sun was shadowed off, yet the air moving through the passage was hot and dry. There was little strength to the occasional drifting breezes . . .

It was not as he had first thought—it was not silent here. From somewhere came the scratchy call of locusts; rasping and rasping like thin tight wires in the wind; a part of the heat itself, the locusts, their unwavering buzz like the action of the sun's rays on something dangerously unseen in the air above him . . . And presently—as he walked—there was another sound: two sounds—humpthump . . . humpthump . . . humpthump . . . recurring and alternating . . . humpthump . . . He paused very briefly, listening, then moved forward. From this house, beyond its wall, the sounds were coming. Now he stopped where the door panel had been slid slightly back, through which opening he could see two small girls—silent, intense—jumping in seesaw fashion upon a length of board that had been balanced upon a tightly rolled straw mat . . . Humpthump, the sounds came as their bare feet struck the board . . . There was no laughter, no delighted cries, only a preoccupied air, deadly serious faces . . . How odd, he thought uneasily, that they find no enjoyment in their play . . .

A bird screamed suddenly behind him and he whirled, startled and afraid. Atop the roof of a house opposite and slightly downhill was the magpied gaatchi looking at him (o yes, *looking* at him) and screaming the hoarse outraged screams of a pariah .. . He knew of the gaatchi—a bird who welcomed wanderers come home . . . Why does he cry at me? he wondered fearfully, this gaatchi?

The bird then took flight, its long black and white tail streaming slovenly, and a departing cry, wild and sullen, hung in the air . . . Do not cry to me, gaatchi, he suddenly prayed. O do not cry at me . . . But the clairvoyant bird had gone . . .

The straw thatched house on which the bird had perched now looked hostile and menacing, standing out from its flanking counterparts. This house was the source of an evilness he sensed, like the smell of rotting human dung . . . Then he saw a man before the house; and at the sight of the old man squatting peacefully, unmoving, at the doorstep, his nervousness disappeared; he walked up closer, saw at the old man's feet an unlighted pipe, longstemmed and tinybowled . . . And drawing closer still, he saw the

old man's face, brown and furrowed and crossfurrowed; a disordered wispy beard, gray and white. Out of the wrinkled pattern of face, the old eyes watched him—dignified, unblinking, shallow. He noticed these—they were yellow . . .

Again he felt a quick twinge of uneasiness. The old man crouched unmoving, his body from below the head hidden in the robelike folds of the dirty shapeless turumagi . . .

Hello old man, he said, and was instantly sorry for the words; he wanted to retract them, speak in their stead something fitting, noble . . . At the words the old man's eyes shifted; his chin dropped and worked with apparent pain. He began to speak, a repetitious vowelsounding phrase: *ae ae ae ae ae* . . . in a watery and thickly nasal voice like that of one with a cleft palate. *Ae ae ae ae* . . . The eyes no longer watched; his gaze fastened on the ground and he continued to utter *ae ae*—a prayerlike chant, supplication . . .

And as he droned these sounds the door behind him slid further open, revealing a young man in European clothes who stared at the traveller in no surprise, his tight hard face haughty and remote; he spoke no word and it appeared he would not . . . A tiny boy, almost naked, with shaven head and sunken cunning eyes, slipped adroitly round the young man's legs and stood slightly away from the old man, watching with a strange clever comprehension . . . The old man did not cease speaking; spiritlessly he chanted on, always the same: *ae ae* . . .

This is a father and two sons, he thought; and tried to meet the stare of the young man in the doorway and, failing, made an abortive feeble movement with his hands . . . There were words to tell these people—what were they . . . ? He didn't know . . .

Abruptly he was angry with himself for standing so foolishly here, unable to speak, to communicate in any way. And he was angry too that they should stand so silently, idiotically before him, staring presumptuously . . . who were they, what could he tell them? He had a sudden mind to walk quickly away, and leave them . . .

Then the old man's hands began to work with strange motions, fluttering mothlike about his thin breast and crouching knees. He stopped his chant and his mouth came open, jaw hanging; he seemed to grin, gapingly . . . Their eyes met—the queer yellow eyes of the old man, narrow, thin, shining. He was performing some sinister thing upon his body; his hands flitted ghoulishly . . .

Watching he turned suddenly cold, he could feel his loins contract, drawing away. His voice came without volition to mouth the foolish words: What is the matter? But had he really spoken aloud?

The old man made no answer; a fluid choking sound came from his pink open mouth. His head turned slowly—a very slight movement, beckoning. For a brief moment the hands rested, then began their motions once again, scampering over the dirty white cloth of the robe, touching lightly the furrowed cheeks . . .

He forced his eyes away from the old man. A convulsive little knot in his throat made him swallow twice quickly—in the back of his neck was a growing tenseness . . . Again he heard the raucous cry of the gaatchi—the bird itself hidden—its call clear, persistent, nagging . . .

The little boy moved closer to the old man and now looked up laughing silently, his teeth bared and his upper body quivering sensuously. Grinning obscenely he was like a tiny shaven monkey . . . Undisturbed, the young man stood quietly in the doorway, languidly observant. Slowly he took a package of cigarettes from his pocket and with a

slight barely arrogant flourish, tucked one into the corner of his mouth. They were American cigarettes, not the crudely made native sort. He turned the package over and over in his slim hands with a slow deliberate insolence . . .

What are they thinking? he wondered; why do they stare at me so strangely?

The small boy laughed without sound; on one of his broad front teeth there was an infection of some sort, like a green sore. Laughing still he moved closer to the wriggling hands of the old man and laid a tiny tender hand on the pulsing shoulder . . .

Then with insidious rapidity the whole scene—the old man, the boy, the young man—seemed to freeze before him, become abruptly fixed like a photograph he had seen again and again; and to the figures in this image he felt a brittle glasslike relationship . . . A yearning compulsion to speak, to say kind familiar words shook him. He needed to make some sound of recognition; but still there was a thin core of terror within him which was not completely dispelled by the sober knowledge that he was in no danger now, nor ever had been . . . There was nothing he could do, nothing he could say: to speak now—the opportune moment gone—would be to fracture the delicate kinship that bound them all . . .

Then everything was gone. He had only shadowed remembrance of it . . .

Slowly he moved away, past the three people, his mind dimly registering the fact that the young man, unlighted cigarette dropping indolently, was following his progress with interested eyes . . . Behind him he heard a soft muttered word—like a fond goodbye, and he paused but did not turn—the word was not repeated—and continued to walk, slowly . . .

. . . Then heard more words and became aware that he was headed down the passage, away, opposite the direction he had come . . . It was of this the voice warned him . . .

What words do I hear? he thought. Where am I going? Whose voice warns me . . . ?

Then he heard the voice more clearly—hoarse and dry, carrying like wind down the passage. It had a peculiar happy inflection . . .

He *knew* this voice . . .

And he turned around, his heart light with joy, searching for proper words to reply . . .

The voice called again: he heard it speak his name warmly, as in welcome . . . Tears came to his eyes . . .

Seoul 1951

John Ashbery

The Minstrel Boy

Into the not heartless continent
Of silent machines and lush, modern statuary,
Without one iota of sense,
An unnoticeable figure in black-watch plaids, he went.
Craving the harpoon of ill-banished death.

We have gone, my sisters. Shucks! Look not away,
Look not away, my men, from the two-ring circus.
Look at the furniture. The nerveless acrobat
And modest penguin remind us of our manners
Long ago grown quaint and crushed upon some fat, vegetable cliff.

They speak of asking you. In the harmonious street
The snow was difficult, the little snowflakes going two by two at first.
But shouldering his tremendous lute, the tiny minstrel boy
Made for the lake of extreme nuisance. The snowflakes watered him happily
And he liked them. He called them "Sugar."

Was ever a town of Sugar
In the far north of the state? He couldn't move.
A land where the lettuce is the buttons?
So we too must return to the aging street,
Its water and its smell of cacti seeming to us impossible.

The happy madman in his union suit cannot be persuaded of the truth.
Love, too, is a mad thing. Only such minstrelsy
As the slits in the Venetian blind allow
To fall on some goose, is private. The school
For him is a black and white painting.

Perhaps once some Poles, asking if he was alive,
Stirred the red cellophane of what he thinks is his room.
But the truth! Surely it is that door. And are they poles?
So the leaves, falling with malicious and majestic swiftness
Cover the clay stanchions, the barber pole, the hyena, the pump, and the
harness.

That is the song of one who left behind
The minstrel boy in a maroon velvet sweater of leaves.
And some horses, turning also from the dross of the well
Sense him in the air. His disturbances. But they do not know
The plants the madman bought and left scattered around to mislead people
about the Minstrel Boy.

But that colossal clock, the size of Big Ben,
Still beats, times the horses' vagueness.
They all escape from the coop. Someone has changed
Everything. Where are the police? And no houses any more.
But one asks: to the far north? Yes. And of this state? Yes. Wide
answer.

It was the Sunday of the equinox. Some stores
Had turned inside out, displaying their contents mockingly.
It was the Sunday of the great fight. Oh orange clamp!
Have we heard enough of the cackling jury? Yes!
He will never be brought to trial in this seaside community!

Glad of the prune, glad of the fur, glad most of all of the dwindling
of the bats,
I dart a sidelong glance at the Boy. He is writing peacefully,
Having mended the pens in the basin. And now I want to ask
The reassembled jury, Why "round heads?" Can anyone make any sense of it?
I cannot, and I cancel gladly my subscription to the dark evening expressway.

Under a pole, in a polar vale,
Died the minstrel boy. There was no faith on his lips
Though no faith was lacking. The streets are quiet for a moment,
Then the odors move on. Sleepily, I telegraph the story into the furnace.
Waves of urine sweep over the land.

Sanford Edelstein

The Mirror

Ask the mirror "Have I made
any progress" (to reflect
your reflection reflects its
intention)

Your question is
an electric spark it must
traverse the distance leap
the gap if the desired answer
(if the answer desires) is
ever to come back

And you
standing in front of the mirror
go back to hopscotch games
of walking the irregularly
frequent irregular steps

Watch
the mirror (as the mirror is
a mirror in a child's fairy tale)
and the mirror whispers "You
may take three giant steps"

But
before you answer (the mirror
answers) you go forward forward
you turn your back
"May I"
you reflect and the mirror
reflects "May I may I
yes you may not"

Poem

I am married to one of the stone
lions on 42nd Street I prefer
the lion on the Library's right we
have passionate times together my
head by your body O Sphinx O
purified woman of resistance and
care

And who has not mourned
your coarse coat of hair the
pigeons defile us every morning
leaving messages of waste telegrams
of despair

And who has not asked us
(I was hidden from view) the way
to the latest exhibit new concerts
new posters a fresh breeze in
the stale air

Shall I write or
telephone some civic official ask
him the hours I may court you tell
him you are noble and fair

Shall I
leave you for one moment let
another approach you go off
in the wilderness and lunge like
a lion at my own despair

Hy Sobiloff

TONIGHT no voices in the city park,
No trouble in the city zoo, no trouble.
Near trees, cages tame the world's wildness
With peacocks and a grape,
Lions and a bone,
Monkeys and a stick.

Some made them iron branches,
Gave them names of bearded raving,
Of voices in the city park,
Trouble in the city street.

Wind binds clouds together,
Thunder cracks iron jaws;
Each terror shells the vagrant,
Each tree trembles.

Voices in the city park,
Trouble in the city streets,
Claws, hands and knives
Crouched against a world,
Shapes of beast and bird
Crouched against a world.

Owls' eyes spying from the zoo,
Spying on our human heads.
Owls' eyes, lamps dim,
Voices stilled, tigers awake.
Peacocks and a grape,
Lions and a bone,
Monkeys and a stick.

I RECALL his face, his sea-stained skin,
His faraway eyes peering past the horizon.

When we talked of life
There was no laughter in his dialect;

He endured the sea around our world,
Hoisted the sails, quarrelled with the winches.

I measured myself, thought of our scuppered screams,
His hands holding the sails, mine groping for a reef.

Day fell astern, part sun, part moon,
As we hid from Monday in sails and puffs of wind,

A derelict and a dredge.
In a mood of part sky, part land, part man,

We fled the wharves and land rules
He the derelict, I the dredge,

He steering the boat,
I thinking at sea level.

The water mumbled voices, half real, half mine;
Scanning shore from the bow,

On his boat he was the derelict, I the dredge,
His hands held the wheel, mine groped for reefs.

Sleeping on deck, the night waves pitched
On uneven keel, pitched me out;

He slept in dreamless calm
His angered mind anchored in the mud.

I breathed the sea on deck, space drowned my eyes;
Bent with intent, the booms were like bows.

Before the quality of the brief wheel,
The restlessness of sleeping on each hand,

The sea gulls, trained to wait for squalls,
Impossible night! Impossible night, slanted and coiled,

Hatched through rash port-holes!
Unforgotten splashes washed the sides;

In a nightmare the dinghy led the boat away.
I recall his face as he sat at the wheel,

His wet brow sprayed with heartache,
His weathered flesh glued to the ship.

When I spoke of hope, he roared with the sea's fury,
Full-rigged the reckless sails.

Part sun, part moon, day fell.He furled his charts,
I dug deep into the swells.

JOHN ASHBERY, A.B., Harvard (1949), M.A., Columbia, has had work published in *Furioso, Poetry New York, Partisan Review, New Directions,* and *New World Writing. Turandot,*

DAISY ALDAN, a doctorate student of English Literature at N.Y.U. and a teacher of English at the School of Industrial Art, has had a volume of poetry published, and work in *Proteus Quarterly, Wake,* and *The English Review.* As an actress, she is known on major radio networks.

GANDY BRODIE was born in 1926 in New York City. He writes that he is a self-taught painter, and is currently associated with Durlacher Brothers.

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MARVIN COHEN is a young New Yorker who studied at Brooklyn College. The poems herein are his first published works.

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KIMON FRIAR was born in Greece. He was a Zona Gale scholar at the University of Wisconsin, and won the Hopwood award at the University of Michigan. He has completed five books of translations from contemporary Greek poetry, and has appeared in many periodicals.

DAVID GALLER has had poems in *Commentary, Accent, Origin, Experiment,* and *The Sparrow.*

EMILIE GLEN has had work in *Best American Short Stories — 1952, The American Mercury, The New Mexico Quarterly Review, New Directions* and other publications. She has been on the staff of *The New Yorker,* and is, at present, editor of *Conference Trails.*

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CAROL HALL was graduated from the University of Minnesota. She has taught there and at Cornell. Her work has been pubished in *The New Yorker, The Sewanee Review* and *Botteghe Oscure.*

GRACE GEORGE HARTIGAN is a young American painter whose work appears in The Museum of Modern Art, The Whitney Collection of American Painting and elsewhere. She is associated with the Tibor de Nagy Gallery. A serigraph which appeared in FOLDER 1 was chosen for the Young Print Maker's Exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art.

ZOE KARELLI was born in Salonika where she now resides. She has published five books of poetry, many essays and short stories, and has published and translated into Greek, T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion.*

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GEORGE SEFERIS is the leader of the modern idiom in Greece. He has translated Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and has had published many books of his own poems. He is now Minister Counselor at the Greek Embassy in London.

HY SOBILOFF has had a volume of poems, *Dinosaurs and Violins*, published by Farrar, Strauss and Young. The two poems in FOLDER are included therein.

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